

Table of Contents

Grandmother's Tree	211
History of 1906	213
A Look Into the Future.....	221
Labor of Love For the College	225
Southern Poets.....	227
Looking Backward	230
Pea or Pansy?.....	232
Echoes From the Music Festival.....	235
Junia's Prom.....	236
To Walter Barnard Hill (Poem).....	238
Wesleyan From the Standpoint of a Freshman	239
The Spectator.....	240
Why They Came To Wesleyan.....	242
New Parnassas.....	243
Editor's Legacy	244
Popularity	244
Editorial Department	247
Athletic Department.....	249
Book Review.....	249
Art Department.....	250
Locals	252
Y. W. C. A. Department	257
Exchange Department	258

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“Grandmother’s Tree”

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS.

BEYOND the garden, marking an ancient fence line, where the cotton rows start on their long journey across the field, stands a tree of deepest green, its axillary blossoms fifty feet in air. Stately serenity!—this is the note it strikes in the harmonious plan of our Georgia landscape.

The tree is like none other in sight. Elm and pine, persimmon and mulberry, sweetgum and blackgum, hickory and maple, wild cherry, dogwood and holly,—these spread their tints and assert their hues by lines and patches where in the distance the forest plunges through the lowlands and climbs the hills; but this tree, solitary and superb, this great pecan, stands where the seed was planted, a majestic alien.

What a tree it is! In the spring when its bloom-tassels hang in clusters it is vibrant with life. Standing in its shade one sees a vast army of bees above weaving in and out among the spreading branches and hears the murmur of their invisible wings like the voice of a summer sea crooning to its ancient shores. It is then not a mere tree; it is a little world apart. Tiny argosies bearing stores of yellow wealth sail in and out of leafy bays and away along streams of golden sunlight. The painted butterfly touches for a moment far up some green and tremulous headland, waves herself welcome with her own fair wings and passes on to her wandering bridegroom obedient to unseen stars. On the low stretching branches chameleons swing in the rhythms of the idle breeze, their coats faded to the hue of twig or leaf, their ruby throats blown out to lure inquisitive insects within range of lightning tongues. For every world, even the little ones, must feel the thrill of tragedy. But there are poets in the little worlds as well; and to this brooding tree of cool deep shadowed light come all the summer birds. The dun thrush in half mourning garb seeks the lower branches to ripple forth a tenderness that even the

great laureate himself balancing far above cannot construe. The cardinal draws a thread of scarlet in the body of the green as he wanders idly from limb to limb; and the humming bird flashes his colors as he crosses the patches of light. High over all swinging gaily on the topmost spray my mocking-bird flings his rapturous song to heaven and himself after it as far as his white-barred wings will consent. And here to this little world comes in the autumn the pirate squirrel. Ah! what luck is his! For it is the law of all the years that blood shall not mar the sacredness, the holiness of this tree. And so the gardener flings a clod to the leaves and laughs with the children to see him trail his fallen banner in panic along the fences to the shelter of the woods from which he issued with such bravery.

But the glory of the tree comes when the green shrouds fade and burst to tulips and the rich brown nuts go rattling down. How eagerly then the children swing themselves aloft, shake, beat and pluck at clusters and shout as the sacks below are filled! Sacks? Yes, heaped-up bushel sacks! For the wind and the rain and the bees and the sunshine and the secret chemist under the soil all work for our tree; and the profit of the year's work fills the sacks to overflowing!

It is a bare, bleak and lonely tree in winter; a deserted world. Not a leaf remains to keep it company. But sometimes when the sleet comes to case in ice the limbs and twigs and branches laced against the pale blue skies, it wears a bride's attire. And sometimes thus in the moonlight it seems the ghost of its summer self, sending down among the ghosts of its leaves, when the winds blow, the ghosts of the nuts they have sheltered. Once I saw it thus, when the breeze was too gentle to stir its branches to more than murmurs. The moon beyond seemed to shine through crystal marvels of a cathedral window and the murmurs were as the far sweet gathering of a song;—a song written by the Great Musician to rise and swell, to sink and lisp, through all the seasons in the voices of the little ones, in the throbbing of their pulses, in their glad laughter and their blended joys. O! the echoes of that song! The bee in his sealed hive at midwinter; the squirrel with his stolen feast in the hollowed forest tree; the children on the hearth-rug of the mansion with hammer and stone! And ere the echoes die, the song again over and over through all the blended years! Lay close to the sod the ear and hear that song begin in the deep-down roots. Born in the infinitesimal bubble of alchemy, when the strange sweet summons comes it rushes upward, bursts into bud and bloom of melody and swells life's jovial chorus under the sapphire arches of the sky!

Long years ago a woman came and stood where this tree stands. She untied from the corner of her little handkerchief a single nut and kneeling pressed it in the sod. And lest those who come and go forget her,—forget that from the thought born that day in the heart of the gentle woman is born anew each year happiness for her children's children, for the birds, the bees, the butterflies, the squirrels and the lesser ones of earth and air, we shall fix these lines about her name in bronze and lay it in the great tree's shade:

Stranger, behold! Not from a seed grew I
 To spread my wealth for all earth's little ones.
 My birth was in a woman's heart, asleep nearby;—
 I am her prayer answered by the summer suns.
 Take off your hat; in reverence bend the head.
 No thought is whispered but shall somewhere bloom again,—
 Who summoned me from out the depths is dead,—
 God's monument am I, to Frances Lane.

History of 1906

“UNIVERSAL history,” says Carlyle, “the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here.” Applying Carlyle's principle more specifically, it may be said that present history is a record of what has been accomplished in this Wesleyan world by the members of the Class of '06. Many of our feats will never be of world-wide renown, but if it be true that the world exists in every one's own breast, then it may be rightly said that the exploits of '06 will live forever!

As our leader and president Octavia Burden stands out in bas-relief. She has reigned supreme since the spring of the Freshman year when Mary Leohr, the former president, resigned. It is a constant source of pride to Octavia that '06 was the first class to be governed by constitutional laws, Mrs. Cobb having drawn up the By-laws soon after the class was organized. In addition to her class office, Octavia is Literary Editor of the Annual, and as such is in constant fear lest “something go wrong.” On one occasion when she unwittingly broke one of the most stringent rules of the College, she was “acquitted because of exemplary conduct in the past.” Octavia considers this incident one of the most noteworthy in her college career, and never tires of relating it.

Speak of experiences! Myra Stubbs always has a more thrilling story than the one just related—no matter how blood-curdling. Myra joined us this term after a year's absence, and the class has felt her coming a

great addition. Especially as Local Editor of THE WESLEYAN has she done good work, and as a reward for her efforts she has the consciousness that never before has that department in our college monthly been so well maintained. The 1906 *Zig Zag* has Myra at its head, and the class feels that it may exceed their most sanguine expectations. Besides Myra's literary gifts, she has a very marked peculiarity: she is a veritable doubting Thomas. "Now look here, Prof. Bonnell, I don't see how that can be," was just as much of the geology lesson, as that he in his turn should say, "Well, young ladies, I don't see *how* you can overlook that very important fact, when it is *so* plainly indicated here in this book." Geology is over now, but the questions go on——

In this respect Louie Fenn stands at the opposite pole. Speech is great, but silence is greater! Louie is a firm believer in Carlyle's view concerning the unruly member, and the fidelity with which she adheres to the principle is a reproach to unstable minds. Louie came to us in our Sophomore year, and during the entire three years has never been known to break a rule—not even to be out of her room after gas bell, notwithstanding the fact that she rooms in the Annex.

Berta Thomas is a Main-building girl, but she is as scrupulous in her obedience to "these rules of Wesleyan" as is Louie. She is silent dignity personified. Berta entered Wesleyan in the fall of 1902 and during the remainder of her Freshman year boarded out in town. Later she became a boarder, and as such has ever set an example well worth following. Her life is a living sermon taken from the text: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."

Dollie McLendon is the book worm of the class. Her learning is prodigious! She has vanquished all rivals, since her ambition is to know *every* word in *every* lesson *every* day has so far outshone lesser lights, that they have consented to be eclipsed and are content to move in their less marvelous orbits. That the Faculty recognize Dollie's excellence is shown by a little class room incident. Mr. Jenkins was distributing reports one day, when the class was startled by a louder call than usual: "Miss McLendon, here is your Bible report." Dollie did not answer to the call as promptly as the Professor thought she ought, so he proceeded to explain that she need not be ashamed of her mark, since it was 100. On being reminded that Miss McLendon was not even a student in Bible, Mr. Jenkins excused himself by saying that he had supposed she took every course in the curriculum, and that he felt sure she made distinction in each one. Dollie did not join us until this year, but she has done enough work in that time to make up for the whole college course.

Eliza Hill is one of the honored founders of '06. She comes to us from Greenville, and enjoys the distinction of being the only red-headed girl in the class. Notwithstanding, she is considered one of the best popular, best beloved and most trusted members of '06. Her highest ambition is to be a poet, since her room-mate reports that often in her sleep she is heard to moan,

"Would that the gods had made me poetical!"

It is rumored that since her visit to Nashville her views on certain subjects have been changed, but as yet she has refused absolutely to confide in her friends, or to make any reference whatsoever to the trip. Her sympathy for the poor editors of THE WESLEYAN is profound, since last year it was her duty to beg for literary material, reject it, and then have to write it herself. This year as Business Manager of the Annual and President of the Y. W. C. A. she is alike feared in town and respected in college.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." Nannie C. Kitchings' mission to the Senior class is to provide merriment, and in this mission she has admirably succeeded. After having been graduated from Barnesville, Nannie C. joined us as Junior. She is the one girl in the class who never gets out of humor. Indeed her amiability is proverbial, for when her remarks are met with laughter, Nannie C. chimes in and enjoys the joke as much as anyone. Her main topic of conversation is her trip to Richmond. What took place there we do not know, but we fear something tragic, since this is the only topic on which she can be serious. Nannie C. is gifted with a lively imagination, and in consequence of this the Physiology class is often edified by marvelous experiences, which would lead one to think that Nannie C. ought to lose no time in becoming a physician and entering into active service.

In proportion as Nannie C. shows medical talent, Agnes Chapman manifests artistic propensities. To Agnes we are partially indebted for the beautiful autumn leaf souvenir cards which were used last year in our reception to the Freshmen. Much of the drawing in the 1906 *Zig Zag* has been done by Agnes, and to her we give the credit of a beautifully illustrated Annual. Agnes is also a literary star. Most probably it is because she has given so much time to THE WESLEYAN that she failed on one occasion to be prepared on a certain paragraph in Psychology—namely, "Affections—illustrated in detail." Whether or not her literary labors have made her absent-minded we do not know, but since we are enjoined to be charitable, we will ascribe a certain railway accident to

that cause. Agnes was one of the illustrious four who attended the convention in Nashville, and since said accident occurred on said trip when said young lady wished to appear her very best, it, to say the least, was exceedingly unfortunate. We will hope that Agnes in time will recover from the shock.

Annabel Horn is a jack-of-all-trades, but contrary to the rule, she is good at all. As Literary Editor of THE WESLEYAN she has done exceedingly good work. Since she holds this same office on the *Zig Zag*, it is evident that she is either proficient, or has succeeded in making others think she is. Annabel has threatened to wreak vengeance on whoever comes in her way for so imposing on good nature, and it is said by those who ought to know that she does this with a hearty good will. The chief sufferers are those on the different athletic teams. The Specials can bear testimony to this, since last year Annabel aided in almost annihilating them; but other classes have suffered like defeat. It is said that Annabel records all these victories of '06, taking a personal, as well as class interest in them, but we would not have accused her of vain glory since her office as class secretary would justify her action.

Bessie White is a veritable land-mark. She has taken active part in the religious organizations of the college, and is recognized as being a leader in that line of work, as well as being one of the most lovable girls in school. Bessie's hobby is seeing her brother every Sunday night. It is rumored that she has had a number of college love affairs, but as her reticence on such subjects is impenetrable, it is difficult to make any more definite statement. Bessie is of a practical turn of mind, even though romance forms so large a part of her life.

South Carolina sent Argent Bethea to Wesleyan as her representative, and Argent came with a consciousness of the great responsibility resting on her young shoulders. "Bravely she fought and well" that Freshman year, and her labors were crowned with a medal for scholarship. But alas—Sophomore year the young girl's fancy

—"lightly rumed to thoughts of love,"

and experiences since have made her authority on all questions of the heart, so that in our study of Shakspeare all such passages are reserved for her interpretation. As Exchange Editor of THE WESLEYAN Argent has been engaged in constant warfare. Notwithstanding the fact that her life has been in great danger, she has stood bravely at her post and returned the fire with courage.

To be true to life, Annie Jean Culbreath must not be separated from

Argent. Annie Jean is also sentimental, although a natural timidity shrinks at the idea of this weakness being known. She is one of the few B. L.'s in the class, and as such has had ample opportunity to cultivate the tender passion. Annie Jean is an officer in the Missionary Society, and since anything or anybody connected with that organization suggests to the delinquent that her dues have not been paid, she is shunned on all sides. Annie Jean is a loyal K. A.; in fact her enthusiasm almost amounts to a hobby.

Laura Smith, another B. L., comes from Tifton and entered Freshman. Laura's favorite pastime is writing a long string of "private" cards to be so placed on the door as to guard against any intrusion whatsoever. What she does behind these "strickly privates" no one knows, but it is rumored that she is not always engaged in seeking knowledge. It is against Laura's principles to be on time at meals, and her hobby is dressing up and going down town. She is captain of the Senior basket-ball team and as such is known as a staunch defender of the rights of '06. In addition Laura is Vice-President of the Class and Associate Editor of the two college publications.

Daisy Wilcox comes in natural sequence to Laura, and is also a B. L. Whether she is more noted for her voice or her slang phrases is hard to tell. Both are used almost constantly. She is much given to the misfortune of falling easily in love, but this year she has tried to overcome this weakness by restricting her affections to such officials as Popes, cardinals, and the like. The joy of her life is the study of Shakspeare. All her spare time is taken up in learning quotations which she is storing in her memory for future use.

"A maiden never bold; of spirit so soft and bold,
That her motion blushed at herself,"

is Estelle Dardin. Estelle comes from Sparta and entered Sophomore. She waited until her Senior year to astound the class by circulating the report that the dreaded mups had overtaken her. Her dignity, however, was not trespassed upon, since the monster passed without visiting her. Estelle has proved without doubt that the best policy is to

"Weigh thy words before thou givest them breath."

Jaine Bradley is one of the illustrious trio who have spent five blissful years at Wesleyan. Her love for the College surpasses all bounds. She has taken up her habitation on the fourth floor Annex, and has learned to be content with her lot. Janie's chief pleasure is playing her mandolin.

"Home, Sweet Home" is invariably the number selected for Sunday afternoons during Silent Hour, when everyone is just a little inclined to be homesick anyway. It is needless to say that Janie considers music the greatest of all accomplishments, and urges her fellow students to perfect themselves while they have opportunity.

Claudia Ross is one of our Macon girls who joined us in September, 1903. Claudia has held out to the end, although enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge has never been her strong point. Nevertheless she *does* usually manage to read over the lesson before going to class. Recently Claudia invested in nose glasses, and this acquisition is supposed to add greatly to her dignity. She enjoys the notoriety of acting as messenger between Mercer and Wesleyan, and hence is a repository of all college secrets.

Annie Laurie Mallary has the distinction of being the literary genius of the class. Whenever the poor editors are in despair over some one's failing to return a promised story, it is to her that they tell their tale of woe, always sure that she will lend a helping hand. It is reported that Annie Laurie is particularly fond of writing stories. What it is in these that appeals to her can only be conjectured. Annie Laurie is a Macon girl, and to her the class is indebted for valuable assistance in furnishing the means of carrying out many of its plans. Service of this kind was rendered at our great and grand Sophomore banquet given to the Seniors of 1904. She, as chairman of the reception committee, graced the occasion with dignity, even though she was only a Sophomore. Imagine what she would do, since now she is a Senior!

Maie Dell Roberts represents the business factor of the class. She is its treasurer and has gone through the vicissitudes incident to the office. She is also Business Manager of the 1906 Annual, and Athletic Editor of THE WESLEYAN. The bane of her life as a Senior has been trying to get the girls to play games, so as to have something to write up in her department. Maie Dell is the eternal question mark! Whether she has more curiosity or more love for society, is a question within itself. She has the advantage over the rest of us in that she believes flirting to be no harm, and in consequence does not have to violate her conscience in participating. Maie Dell's strong point is that she can keep a secret. This virtue practiced at Wesleyan is sufficient to raise her above the level of ordinary mortals.

"She who is ever fair and never proud," is Nona Hendley. Nona is a Quitman girl, and if she ever becomes puffed up with pride, Quitman will be the cause. It was feared that Nona would not join us this year, but

her love for Wesleyan rose above other loves, and she is here to get her dip. By special request of our President I am instructed to say that Nona is the most indifferent of human beings. The incentive which urged said request were not made known, and hence can only be inferred. "Who steals my purse steals trash," can certainly not be said of Nona, since some one very kindly relieved her of a very considerable part of her spring wardrobe. Let us hope that the wrong will be righted.

Mattie Hayes Robinson is Nona's counterpart. She comes from Montezuma. Entering Sophomore she swelled the number of that class to seventy-five—the largest class matriculation ever enrolled at Wesleyan. Last year on Class Day Mattie Hayes took active part in executing the 1907 dummy, and in leading the spirited class songs and yells. Possibly this fact accounts for her chief vice—that of chewing gum. Since Mattie Hayes is now a Senior, we strongly advise that she put away childish things.

Mozelle King, our Alabama member, has distinguished herself in elocution. Last year when *Pandora* was played Mozelle was Minerva, and since has enjoyed the profound admiration of the class. She is the only girl who as yet has had the distinction of being a bridesmaid, and since she is a firm believer in the doctrine which teaches to

"Fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world,"

she usually succeeds in having a good time. Mozelle's hobby is gymnasium, and her greatest joy, getting jokes on her friends.

The midgets of the class are Louise Thomas and Bertie Taylor. They seem to be bound together by inseparable bonds—one is rarely seen without the other. Bertie is our musician. Naught Six, in its Junior year, had cause to be proud of its young graduates, and this pride was manifested by decorating the chapel in the new class pennants—'06 being the first to get class pennants.

As the friendship of these two girls is mutual, so their talents are parallel. Louise is one of the few in the class who has made a success in elocution. She is a Macon girl, and is to be congratulated on her fidelity to school work. In fact, when everyon else is rained out, Louise may be seen with umbrella, overshoes and raincoat—all drenched, but their owner bravely prepared for duty.

Nellie Bryan is as faithful as Louise. She is a preacher's daughter and at present comes from Athens. Nellie has evidently profited by her training since she is one of the most persevering students in the class. She has elected Latin whenever there was a Latin course open, and in conse-

quence is looked upon as somewhat abnormal. Nellie joined us in September, 1903, and since that time has had not a minute which she could call her own.

Elizabeth Hollis comes from a neighboring college town—Forsyth, and entered Junior; hence she did not have the opportunity of participating in our Sophomore pranks. Elizabeth knows nothing of the wonderful yell: "Yum, yum, fiddle diddle dum; hump, stump, plum-a-diddle, ara bubble, rigdum, jigdum, body mody, Cairo, Dilco, Diro, yum, yum, fiddle diddle dum!" which arouses so much interest and called forth so much enthusiasm. Junior year was, however, full of conquests, and in these Elizabeth has had her share of the spoils.

Leila Schley also joined our happy band last year. She is considered the best basket-ball player in school, and is generally good in athletics. Through her the Senior Class record has been broken—two of its members do not take Literature, and Leila is one of the delinquents. Her strong point is doing an immense amount of work in a marvelously short time; her weak point, reading Spanish.

Lou McRae is the other delinquent. Lou has been with us only two years, but since she had a course at Shorter, she has been able to successfully win the A. B. degree. Lou must have something outside of Wesleyan to attract her attention, for it is almost impossible to arouse her interest on any matter of college or class interest—it is positively against her principles to manifest enthusiasm. We hope that whoever outside is able to arouse Lou's interest is duly appreciated.

Jenny Riley is a town girl. Her chief occupation is trying to get out of whatever work she can. Her favorite saying is, "My! what a lesson!" Anything pertaining to science Jenny abhors, consequently Prof. Bonnell's examinations are nightmares to her. Notwithstanding Jenny's general unfriendliness to books, she is one of the most beloved girls in the class.

Martha Lewis is known and loved by every one. She has been voted the most original girl in the Senior Class, and to her is given the license of "saying things" which in others would arouse indignation. But to Martha's wit there is never any sting—she has mastered the principles of charity. Martha is our Class Prophet. She has the happy faculty of putting everybody in a good humor, and in consequence is universally popular. Martha's strong point is History—and her weak point—mumps.

Our thirty-second Senior is Tommie White. What shall we say of Tommie? Shall we say that she is the neatest girl in the Senior class, that "work before play" is with her a steady principle, and that she is one of those rare school girls who

—"can think, and ne'er disclose her mind"?

We can say all this and say it gladly, for Tommie is universally beloved. But alas! she is afflicted with that awful vice, primping. But in this she realizes the error of her way, and is making praiseworthy efforts toward correcting it. Tommie's forte is making points at unexpected times, and thus overwhelming her opponent. She is a firm believer in the merits of '60 and a loyal supporter of its interests.

"— —Tommie sees."

Only a few short days and thirty-three happy girls will be separated. Soon the old college walls will be left behind, and they will have entered upon life's arena. Naught-Six can never forget dear old Wesleyan because of the opportunities it has afforded; they will ever hold in loving remembrance the teachers who laid foundations for future buildings; and they will always remember each other because of their happy intercourse one with another.

LOUESE MONNING, *Historian*.

A Look Into The Future.

"There was an old woman tossed up in a basket
Nineteen times as high as the moon,
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old womn, quoth I,
O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?
To brush the cobwebs off the sky!
Shall I go with thee? Aye, bye and bye."

Bye and bye finally came, and I left with the old woman. We sailed high and we sailed low, "o'er hill and o'er dale"; but my thoughts constantly turned toward my pet rats and I found myself wondering if the man I had left behind in charge of my pets was taking good care of them, or if he had let any cats come near. The old woman saw that I was worried, and to draw my mind from my troubles, engaged me in conversation.

"Is there anybody or anything you especially wish to see on this trip?" she asked me.

"I wish to be sure to see all the girls that graduated at Wesleyan in 1906."

And she promised to show me every one. Not only did she see and know everybody, but she kept up with them and knew all the history of their lives. She had been doing this for many years, and had never forgotten anybody. After naming over the girls of that memorable class, I began to look at the country over which we were passing and waited for her to

show me my classmates. Contrary to her custom, she did not dust the skies this day, but kept her eyes on earth looking for my friends. She sailed fast, but whenever she would see anything to interest me, she slowed up and let me look as long as I liked.

"Look!—there is the home of one of your '06 girls—Annabel Horn," and she pointed to a little cottage on the hill. "She is in search of health and knowledge at the same time. She sleeps on the front porch and pursues all her studies in the open air. Nellie Bryan keeps house for her and makes it seem more home-like. Her plan is working wonders and she is gaining flesh rapidly. The power of her intellect is felt the world over and the great everywhere are bowing at her feet.

"Because the world is bowing at the feet of Miss Horn, Miss Eliza Hill determined it must bow at hers, and so she spends her days writing poems. They have been criticised most harshly by the press, but in spite of that she thinks she can write, and you can see her now writing in her study. She insists that her family are all poets, and by the law of heredity she is too, and nothing can convince her otherwise."

"What country is this we are passing over?" I asked.

"California. We will not stop any more until we get to Kansas; and after several more stops in the United States, will sail to Africa before we stop again."

Hardly had she finished speaking before we reached Kansas. "That beautiful building you see was built through the generosity of one of the wealthiest widows in the state, Mrs. L.—formerly your friend Estelle Darden. While touring Europe, she met this rich old man, who married her and soon after died—from old age, however," noticing my look of inquiry. "She built this orphans' home and put in charge of it her two old friends, Louie Fenn and Berta Thomas. They give almost their entire time to amusing the children and seem so undignified and full of life and vivacity that the whole city, as well as the children in the home, love them."

"Yonder go two more of your friends, Elizabeth Hollis and Bessie White. They are still faithful to their old duty of curling hair, and each day spend hours arranging their hair in the most bewitching manner possible. They live together 'in maiden meditation' and for years have been untiring in their efforts to find better halves and" (in an undertone) "I am afraid will be till they die.

"Your friend Myra Stubbs has gone on the lecture platform, giving lectures on the questions of the day. Her most noted, though somewhat old, address is on 'Something Original.' She has been advocating the same thing for years and doesn't seem to realize that the originality of her scheme

has disappeared. But it does not make any difference whether her plan is approved or not, so long as she has been allowed to give her opinion on it."

Truly "the child is father of the man."

"You are now over the office of a big talker whose aim in life seems to be to startle you with big words. She is known as Samuel Johnson II, and likes the name. She edits a magazine, but it has only a small sale, as it is too much like translating a foreign language to read it. She has begged me so often to buy a copy of her paper that I almost hate the name of Louese Monning. Not only does she think she can write well, but she has persuaded Argent Bethea that she is an excellent artist and together they publish this magazine. You can see them both at work in their office."

Passing by one of the depots in Washington, we noticed a large crowd assembled in front. The crowd parted and we saw a man on a litter brought out, followed by a Red Cross nurse. Never once did she let her eyes leave the litter nor that expression of love her eyes. I recognized at once Octavia Burden. In spite of her avowed purpose not to marry a man who was unable to stand a physical examination, I knew that she would. I remembered her favorite quotation:

" . . . If I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence."

and knew then that she would never forsake him.

Our sail across the Atlantic was delightful and soon we were in the wilds of Africa. Here we saw two more Wesleyan girls of 1906. I recognized standing in the door of a little hut Mattie Hays Robinson and under a tree nearby Marilu Beckham. They were both missionaries. I do not know why I should have been surprised; for I remembered how anxious they were to study about "Daybreak in the Dark Continent," but it was the greatest shock I received in some time.

What a pleasant sail it was across the Mediterranean Sea; it was only too short, and before I realized it, we were in Italy. There were many interesting things in Rome, but none more interesting than the Convent St. Matibel, for here, said the old woman, was Daisy Wilcox. Her love for the Pope became the uppermost thing in her life, and to be in close communion with him she came to this convent. I always thought it would come to something like that.

It took only a short time to go to Berlin and we reached there in time to attend the lecture of Prof. J— on "Memory." He had with him Dollie McLendon, who was recognized as having one of the most wonderful

memories known. The audience was allowed to name any number of things they wished and she would repeat them in the order named without a moment's hesitation or the slightest mistake. Wesleyan must have some of the glory for this, as she surely did her share in its development.

We soon reached France and in a short time were in Paris where we saw a wonder of modern science—Louise Thomas grown tall! By taking a preparation of that eminent scientist, Nannie C. Kitchings, she had accomplished in six months what she had been trying to do all the rest of her life. What will befall us next?

England was big enough for only four of my friends. One of them we saw at a large hotel, where she seemed quite busy. Years ago her orderly housekeeping and systematic management attracted the attention of a hotel keeper in her state and he secured her services. Her fame spread abroad and now she was matron in one of the large hotels in London. Laura Smith, your room at Wesleyan put you on the road to fame!

The other three in London were holding a concert, Maie Dell Roberts as reader, Annie Laurie Mallary as vocalist and Tommie White as pianist. Though Miss Mallary began her career as a soloist in a small church and Miss Roberts made her debut in a small town, they have now reached the topmost round of the ladder of fame, bringing with them Miss White, who, until then an unknown pianist, now shares with them the laurels placed on their brows.

"Another of your classmates is in London," said the old woman, "but only for a short time. Can't you see Leila Schley coming out of that store. Disappointed in love, she determined to follow in the footsteps of her lover and accordingly, became a player on a woman's baseball team. She was the star shortstop and helped the team to become champions."

We sailed over to Ireland, where we met two more girls of '06, Annie Jean Culbreath and Agnes Chapman. Having been told there were no snakes in Ireland, they came here years ago and have been supremely happy, after having successfully found Mike and Pat.

We made no more stops until we sailed to Greenland, and even there we found Wesleyan Seniors of '06, Mozelle King and Janie Bradley. I wondered how they happened to come so far, but the old woman soon told me.

"Mozelle found the weather a little warm at her home, and seeking a cooler clime, came here. Janie could not well do without her Mozelle, and so she followed as a matter of course, perhaps to play a joke on her."

Greenland was rather too cold for us and we hurried south, stopping at Newfoundland to find Lou McRae and Nona Hendry. Both having had

a taste of "little fish" in the South, came North to get big fish, and perfectly satisfied had moved there to be joined some few years later "in holy wedlock."

We sailed a few minutes and then stopped before a building in front of Wesleyan.

"Let's take dinner here with Bertie Taylor. She runs this elegant restaurant, but as a philanthropist. She carried lunch to school most of her life and realized what it means. For the sake of those students who would have to bring lunch, she runs it near the college and is almost worshipped by the students."

"Yes," I thought, "this is an improvement on the Pharmacy. Oh, the bitter pangs of hunger that almost ate away our very existence."

"Hold your hat on well. I am going fast now," cried the old woman to me, and before I could get my breath she had carried me to South America. And what for? To find Jennie Riley and Claudia Ross in a banana grove! I did not notice it at first, but there was a third somebody there—a little monkey led by a chain, held in the hands of Claudia. All three seemed to be happy in their possessions and so the old woman carried me away—home.

Before I could thank her, she had gone, and I could only stop and say with Mrs. Cobb, "Wherever you go you find a Wesleyan girl."

MARTHA L. LEWIS, *Prophet*.

Labor of Love for the College

GEORGIA Methodism ought to have, and has the opportunity to have, one of the greatest woman's colleges in America. With the influence, position, and patronage of Wesleyan, by united effort, we can easily place her not only among the leading institutions of the South, but of the entire country; and thus make it useless for a young lady to go North seeking even the very best collegiate advantages.

But a great literary institution means a large number of strong men and women well equipped for the various departments of instruction. This is an absolute necessity, for the impress of splendid personality in professors upon students is one of the most essential elements of really successful work. It is probably that which tells most for the honor of the college in popular esteem. Even a very learned and magnetic teacher is not at his best when so overcrowded with work as to be unable to prepare thoroughly to meet each class. There ought to be a sufficient number of professors.

The chief requisites in education are ambitious pupils with some capacity, and educators well equipped intellectually and morally for their sacred task. Then of no little importance are libraries, laboratory apparatus and building room sufficient for comfortable and convenient work. Buildings are very important, but skillful teachers with proper apparatus for scientific investigation and experiment and a college library of great books to allure and inspire students, can do real teaching in incapacious buildings. But to have the right kind and number of professors, library, apparatus and buildings, a college must have more than its income in mere fees and tuitions. It ought to secure its buildings through private benevolence and then have a productive endowment. It ought not to be a money making institution.

With a few hundred thousand dollars given her, Wesleyan could be made an unlimited power for good in the South. She *ought* to have it, and she *can* have it. The Methodists of Georgia have the money, and are not a stingy people. All we need is to create a sentiment in behalf of the college. The students and alumnae can do that, and *only* they can. In the first place no godless, giddy or arrogant girl is a very favorable advertisement for an institution; while every good, true, helpful woman from its matriculates exalts the college in popular opinion. We must have the confidence and esteem of our constituency if we would elicit their benefactions. We must not forget that they judge us by the character of those who have matriculated with us. Thus by Christian conduct our girls can win us friends.

Yet not only by the eloquent plea of noble lives, but by constant advocacy of a "great Wesleyan" her students and alumnae ought to preach for the old college. They have vast influence in our church; the church gives money where she knows it is needed; so let our women force the attention of the liberal in the direction of female education. Some Wesleyan girl might do her father great spiritual good by inducing him, for the glory of God, to invest his too precious gold in the mind and heart of Southern womanhood; for easily the noblest may become sordid and earthly through unconscious greed. Many, too, of our students of past years and present, have, or will have money. Some inherit it; some earn it; some marry it. How can they better manifest their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*, to the church, and to God than by liberality to this grand old institution?

It is to the interest of every one who has been a student in her halls to lehp increase the resources and influence of the college. But impelled by a pure, religious love and loyalty, may our motto be "a greater and greater Wesleyan."

C. R. JENKINS.

Southern Poets

THE South, rich in traditions, conscious of the master part she has played in every crisis that has shaped the history of our country, has furnished not only great jurists, greater statesmen, and greatest soldiers, but many of the nation's sweetest singers, whose immortal stanzas have helped to create a memorial literature, "chaste in conception, deep-tinted with romance, and often bathed in the pathos of the War between the States."

In the eighteenth century we find Richard Henry Wilde whose true poetic nature is portrayed in that poem of only three stanzas which has made his name famous.

"My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
And ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground to die."

Although Boston was his birth-place, the South claims Edgar Allen Poe as her son. He came early under Southern influences, he always regarded himself as a Southerner, and for a long time was looked upon as the foremost representative of the South in literature. He was of a temperament singularly accessible to misfortune, and singularly sensitive to the mystery of grief and despair." He was master of a style, sombre and weird. There is something almost hypnotic in the verses of "The Raven" and "The Bells," but in "Israfel" is found the most tender and beautiful expression of Poe's genius.

Among the voiceless braves of the battle of Buena Vista, Theodore O'Hara, the soldier bard, lies sleeping. Thrilling with patriotism, exalting the heroism of Kentucky's brave sons, vividly picturing the horrors of a battlefield, the "Bivouac of the Dead" shall ever live and hold its place among the greatest songs of Southern literature.

The title of Laureate of the South was borne by Paul Hamilton Hayne. Hayne revelled in the pleasures and beauty of nature, and the effects of his rural life can be traced in the freshness and simplicity of his style. The passing season claimed from his pen a sonnet, and the "South Wind," with its cooling breeze, seems all the more refreshing when he speaks to us of it thus:

"O fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fair South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!"

In that terrible conflict, the passions, partings, loves and deaths from

"60" to "65" all combined to develop an individual character in our literature.

While the sons of our fair Southland fought, bled and died, poets sang their songs of stirring warfare, of triumph, of defeat, mingled with dirges for her heroes. Among those who with both pen and sword battled for home and country stand forth the names of Irwin Russell, Maurice Thomson, Father Ryan and Sidney Lanier.

Of the last two well may it be said: "The songs of the dead poet will be music to the living until time shall be no more."

Father Ryan's was an open, manly character, in which there was no dissimulation; he never wrote a line for harm's sake, nor for hate's sake. He brought his offerings to the altar of religion and patriotism and laid them there humbly and devoutly in the spirit of self-consecration, of loyalty, and of adoration.

At the close of the war when he heard of the surrender, he wrote the poem which alone would have immortalized him—

"Furl that banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its peoples' hopes are dead."

Lanier was a native of Georgia and our city of Macon claims his birthplace. "His beauty of personality was not inferior to the loftiness and worth of his message." Nature held for him charms which she concealed from others. True humour sparkled in his very veins and music held captive his soul. He sings to us of the joys, richness and blessings of God's gifts and begs us to seek

"For love, the dear woods' sympathies;
For grief, the wise woods' peace."

That poem in which Lanier catches the music of the Chattahoochee as a mountain stream is equal in melody to Tennyson's more famous "Brook." And while the latter with all its music "sings but the one song of human mutability set over against the permanence of nature,—

"Men may come, and men may go
But I go on forever,"

Lanier in his "Song of the Chattahoochee" has sung the psalm of his own life and of all human life, and has embodied in its metrical rhythm the one thing permanent, the message which the great white souls of every age leave for those who have to resist the cry "Abide, Abide," and answer the sterner voice of duty's call—

"But, oh, not the hills of Habersham
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avail. I am fain for to water the plain.
 Downward the voices of duty call,
 Downward to toil and be mixed with the main.
 The dry fields burn and the mills are to turn
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valleys of Hall."

Our neighboring city of Huntsville, Alabama, has also contributed to the literature that remembers the old South and "befo de war" institutions. Miss Howard Weeden is a young woman who recognized the possibilities of the negro character in literature and has presented to us the rapidly vainshing types of the "old fashioned negro of Quality."

"My chile? Lord no she's none o' mine;
 She's des one I have tried
 To put in place of Anna Jane,
 My little one what died.

Dat's long ago; no one but me
 Knows even whar she lies,
 But in her place, I've always kept
 A borrowed chile, her size.

As soon as it outgrows my chile
 I lets it go, right straight
 An takes another in its place
 To match dat Heabenly mate.

It's took a sight o' children sho
 To ease dat dull ol' pain,
 An' keep de pretty likeness fresh
 Of my dear Anna Jane.

Dere's more den forty years, you see
 Since she has been in Heaben.
 But wid de angels years don't count,
 So she's still only seaben.

Time treats 'em all up dere, des lak
 It do de white ladies here—
 It teches 'em so light—one's still
 A gal at forty year."

The pathetic strains of "The Borrowed Child" finds its contrast in the vein of humor which runs through—

"TWO LOVERS AND LIZETTE."

"Who me? in love, an' wid Lizette?
 You better b'lieve I aint.
 No sassy gal like dat could give
 Dis nigger heart complaint!

If Gord don't love her more den I,
 Den all I gotto say
 Is dat her soul's in danger sho,
 An' she had better pray!

Its her dat's in love wid me,
 An' I jes' laughs an' tell her,
 'De fruit dat draps d'out being shook
 Is sho to be too meller!

But all de same, you talks too much
 To suit me 'bout Lizette;
 Some gent'man's nigger gwine git hurt
 About dat same gal yet!"

Looking Backward

COMMENCEMENT days are near at hand, the last efforts are being made toward winning the coveted diploma, and the lavender-and-white that has so long floated over the class of 1906 will shelter beneath its folds the Sub-Freshmen instead of Seniors.

We give them our colors, a most precious legacy, but is that all? What of our influence on the school? Oh, may we hand down an unspotted name, a fair record, the remembrance of days well spent, of a high standard of scholarship, and the highest sense of honor!

Entertainments and merriment make our last school days pleasant, and under-classmen are inclined to be envious, to say that the Seniors are having such good times, are almost through with "horrid, old school."

Pleasures there are, but there is another side, not quite so bright and fair. In the depths of her heart there isn't a single Senior in any college in the land that doesn't feel an ever growing sadness, that will increase until it ends in the burst of tears that will come with the last good-byes.

At the beginning of the Senior year, however important she felt, how long seemed the days until June, but now time is flying all too swiftly. Why had she thought only of being free from lessons, and never once of the fact that all the girls must pass out of her life, where she crosses the college threshold as a graduate. Somehow with the thought, the desire to join the band of *alumnæ* becomes very faint. Every moment becomes sweeter in the companionship of these friends. New beauties in the characters of those around reveal themselves every day; the bond of class fellowship becomes more and more evident. In that vague shrinking from the life ahead, backward glances are cast over the college course that has been so short and has been worth so much.

The questions begin to come, what have I done for my class, and what has my class done for the college? Not in the matter of mere class

triumphs on Class Day or in the little rivalries of college life, but on the characters of the student body. Have we set the example of a united body striving for the right, working harmoniously for the good of the class and the good of the institution?

Have we been free from petty jealousy, small bickerings, and harmful rivalry?

When we leave school, will we simply vanish and leave no trace behind? Let us hope that our influence has been deeply impressed, an influence for good that will cause other classes to follow in the steps of '06 and transmit the same influence to future classes. Looking back over the college life, we see behind us little worries, but greater joys—this happy, care-free college life. Never again will we live these days of close fellowship, for soon will begin the commencement of real life.

The very walls of the old college have taken on a new and delightful charm; how could we have ever compared them to prison walls? When the time comes to bid them farewell, we find that our heart-strings are so closely intertwined about them, that it costs many a pang to tear them loose.

Sub-Fresh, do not envy us, for smiling faces may conceal saddened hearts, and many a Senior would exchange places with you. We are about to leave forever the happiest days of our life, days whose memory will grow sweeter with the years. We have worked faithfully, most of us well, and some brilliantly; duties have been many, work has seemed heavy, and yet even now these are growing dim and the pleasures stand out in bold relief. Girls from many different sections of the country, thrown together in close companionship, sharing the mingled joys and sorrows, we have come at last to the parting of the ways. Saddest thought of all, we who have formed the class of 1906 for so long are about to part, many of us never to meet again. But the memory of these days will ever live in our hearts, even though our paths in life are divergent.

Let us make the most of our last days together, live in peace and happiness, and do nothing that will cause regret in later years. There are many things yet left for us to do; many things that can shed honor on the class. Let us draw close together, and in the end we will glean many things that will prove a blessing.

Here's to the class of 1906—may their lives exert a good influence wherever they may be found; may they bring honor to the old institution; may the bonds of class fellowship grow stronger with the years, and in a better land, may the class of 1906 be merged into the class of time without end.

ANNABEL HORN,

Pea or Pansy?

ONCE only and that in youth is it given us to love supremely. Willard Bond had loved. All his soul had bowed before the golden haired Sylvia—Sylvia who had belonged to a strange world wherein only he and she dwelt. Often they had sat together under the pine trees, the moonlight sprinkling itself on her hair and on the white folds of her wonderful cloud-like dress. She seemed to Willard to belong to the night—the night of silence and soft shadows and the fragrance of flowers—sweet peas, blossoms which reflected the soft tints of the day's close, of the evening of purple clouds of opal twilight, when he could be alone with her.

He could not remember when she had not worn sweet peas in her hair or nestled them at her perfect white throat.

But Sylvia was dead. And the world of dreamy twilight had turned to glaring midday in which a man must live through the burden and heat, and in order to live must work.

Leaving college with little or no practical knowledge of business life, Willard Bond had looked about for employment and finally decided upon teaching as a probable pathway to that world of books and culture, wherein his literary taste might find a congenial field of work. Ten years, he had faithfully guided young minds to the fountain of knowledge and there sought to create in them a thirst for its pure waters. His work had grown to be a sort of second nature to him; he was devoted to it, yet his friends noticed that his ambition was gone and in its place had come an unsatisfied longing for something he had not.

"He ought to marry," was the verdict of many a matronly dame, and not a few schemers sought to throw him in the way of some charming girls; but Willard, although gallant as the heart of woman could wish, had lost the cunning of turning pretty phrases and of winning women's hearts by delicate compliments or chivalrous attention.

He had accepted the school at Live Oak in the hope of escaping receptions and the like; and Live Oak, a quiet village of quiet people and little of city-like society suited him.

As Willard entered the school house on Monday morning, among other faces, he singled out that of a black-eyed, dark-haired girl of sixteen. He began to make a study of her as teachers are wont to study the strongest faces on opening day, and he found her keenly intelligent, animated and mischievous.

"By far my most brilliant pupil," he thought, "but with a will of her

own, which must not be set against mine, if I am to manage my school."

She must have felt his glance, for she looked up and her eyes met his with a steady gaze in which there was something of a challenge.

Williard saw the flash and recognized it as such. Looking again, he found that the face was beautiful, so dark and full of rich color, which he almost fancied to deepen slightly under his scrutiny.

He wondered why this girl should interest him more than the others. Why should the dark eyes of Nanette come between him and the pages of "Method in the Recitation" as he read that night.

In the next room his landlady was softly singing,

"Hush my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head."

His book fell to the floor and he listened to the soft crooning of the mother as the babe was laid in the cradle. Then "Now I lay me down to sleep" came from her lips. The door was partly open and he could see a curly head bowed on its mother's knee and could hear a sleepy voice whisper "Now I lay me." He took up the book again, but somehow the author's logic failed to get hold of him.

"It is beautiful the way she loves them. Love is a beautiful thing—too beautiful, I fear, for a man to have but once. If I could live the common life of men and be content with a little less than the highest—Nanette is lovable—but one's ideal is hard to lay down, when it has been in his heart so long.

Nanette met him the next morning with a smile and a pansy for his button-hole.

"We are beginning to be good friends already, are we not, little girl?"

"Yes, I think we shall be right good friends, if you won't make me study that horrid Latin."

"But you can not be an educated woman without Latin."

"Then I will die an ignoramus," she said with a decision that was meant to be final.

"Have you read to-day's lesson?"

"No."

"It comes at ten; you have time to learn it."

There was no answer, a flash in her eyes and a tight closing of the wilful mouth, which bespoke antagonism to his implied command.

At the signal for the Latin recitation, Nanette sat still.

"If Miss Ray is not ready for her lesson now; after school will do as well."

When the other pupils had gone, Nanette deliberately shut her book, folded her arms and threw a challenge from her dark eyes at the teacher. That glance met what it had not met before in a teacher's face—there was determination, kindness—something more, and that something more appealed to her woman's sense of right and truth. It told her here was a force of character equal to her own, and she revered it. The firmly closed lips slowly relaxed, the eyes fell and the crimson mounted in her dark cheeks.

For a moment, Willard felt a thrill of power, an ecstasy of delight in his triumph. But this was more than an ordinary teacher's triumph. Those downcast eyes meant more than a pupil's conquered will.

He trembled to think what it meant. Had he any right to catch at the hope they held out to him?

That afternoon in his room, he fought it out. Could he build up a happiness on his wasted heart and barren life? Was it better to fill up the rest of the days with the broken fragments he might offer now, or keep to the end the ideal he had so fondly cherished? Was not the sweet spirit of Sylvia more to him than the reality of Nanette's dark eyes and rosy cheeks?

Unconsciously he was turning the pages of his note-book when a flower fluttered to the floor. Tenderly he picked it up—a sweet pea—her flower, coming like a silent messenger from the world of moonlight and silence.

He took the pansy from his coat, laid it beside the faded blossom on his book and stood for a moment with bowed head in silence.

Then he took the pansy and put it upon the coals glowing on the hearth.

Far way in the west, the purple of the sunset melted once more into the opal of twilight and in the heart of Willard there was peace.

MYRA STUBBS.

Echoes from the Music Festival

[With Apologies to Miss Joan of Arc.]

A girl, a simple, simple girl,
 Junior of Wesleyan,
To gaze upon this priceless pearl,
 Brings mirth akin to pain.
 Many a tear is softly shed,
There's many an answering moan;
 Those matchless teeth could be recalled
By thoughts of HIM alone.

Two girls, two simple, simple girls!
 (It did not stop with them alone,)
The notes they wrote, the flowers they sent
 Would met a heart of hardest stone.
 But oh, an awful, awful tale
Has caused their hearts to break:—
 He has a wife in far New York;
He's singing for *her* sake!

A school's a funny, funny place;
 Romance will never there be dead.
Gay eyes, a pale and handsome face
 Has made the staidest Senior lose her head.
Oh girls, oh foolish, foolish girls,
 Maidens of tender years,
To gaze upon you seems to bring
 A smile akin to tears.

M. B. AND R. McL.

Junia's Prom

"YES Jane," declared Junia, shaking her yellow curls, "I am going to ask them every one, yes, every single one."

"But you can't," protested Blanche.

"I don't see how you can dare to," insisted Jessie, "why just suppose they all accept!"

Junia laughed a reckless little laugh. "But they will not all accept. The idea! Just imagine five men coming all the way from Kentucky to have a half hour's prom with me. No, thank you, I am not conceited enough to think that." And she laughed again as though amused by the very thought.

"Why do you insist on asking five anyway, Junia?" queried Maud. It seems to me that from all those you might at least choose one."

"That's just the trouble!" and she gave a long-drawn little sigh that had every appearance of being sincere. "I really am just dying for Rob to come, but those five men go together all of the time, and if I ask Rob they will think I am perfectly wild about him, when really—but oh, I do wish he would come!"

The bees were all humming in the clover and big yellow butterflies sailed leisurely from one flower to another. All about over the glass like the butterflies, laughing Juniors flew hanging long strings of lanterns from elm to magnolia.

Apart from all of this merriment, which always accompanies preparations for a Prom., Junia lay in the long grass with her hands behind her head and a very decided little frown on her forehead, which even the tangled curls could not hide. At her side lay the source of her troubles, four little notes, each addressed in a different masculine hand. She picked them up again one by one and read them. "Now just listen at this:

"Dear Junia—You are all O. K. It was just like you to think about your old pal and send him a bid to the Prom. Do you know that I always did want to 'take in' a Prom. and you have given me a dandy chance. Look for me sure. As ever, JACK."

And the others are nearly like it! What shall I do? Four of them accepting, but not a line from Rob, whom I had rather have than all the others together. What shall I do with four men and only one set of dates? Oh, I think I shall go crazy!" And she threw out her arms with a gesture of despair.

The big moon shone brightly down on the old campus, and gaily-col-

ored lanterns were swinging from tree to tree. The reception committee, daintily gowned and with the lightest of hearts, were welcoming guest after guest. Junia stood among this number with an exact imitation of a smile on her face, but it was only an imitation, for she realized that four guests and one set of dates placed her in no enviable position.

First came Jack, bubbling over with the spirit of the occasion, and then came Ed. Junia began to feel a very peculiar sensation, but managed to stand it very well until John came; but when she spied Tom's face among the arriving guests, her courage gave out and she turned and fled. On she ran, straight through walks and flower-beds, and across the grass, overturning everything that dared to obstruct her progress, and finally sinking down in a corner, buried her face in her hands and tried to think of a way to solve the problem. Four men and no dates for them! The more she thought of it the worse the predicament seemed, and, finally deciding that she could not face the crowd, much less straighten affairs, she crouched up in the corner as far as she could and resignedly watched the merry company. Then two big tears rolled down her cheeks, for she had looked forward to the Prom. for what seemed to her ages. When she was a Freshman she had dreamed of the time when she should be a Junior and have a Prom., and when she was a Sophomore she had planned and talked of it, but now she had spoiled her Prom., yes *her* Prom., for Proms. only come once in a college girl's life, by her own thoughtlessness.

"Oh, if I had only just asked Rob," she cried; "but I did ask Rob, and he hasn't even answered, while the others accepted right away."

Suddenly she heard a well known step in the grass, and looking up she saw a man coming towards her. "Rob!" she cried, dashing away her tears and springing to her feet.

"Junia," he said, taking both of her hands in his, "I missed you, and I thought that I ought to come and tell you——"

"Tell me——what?"

"I owe you an explanation, and please forgive me——"

"Forgive you! What for?"

"Junia, it is all a joke. We did not once think of how it would worry you or we would never have done it. All five of us received our invitations the same day and, knowing that a girl could only ask one man, we had a good laugh over it. It happened that the other fellows received invitations from other girls, leaving me free to accept yours. But it was so funny that we could not resist the temptation of playing a little joke on you, and so all four accepted your invitation. They are here as guests of other girls and not of you, so cheer up, little girl, and give me my card. Good! my first prom is with you, and we are just in fine time."

To Walter Barnard Hill

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

Honour and worth and work filled up your plan :
To make the little large, the fettered free,
To mould in college halls the gentleman
And Georgian-to-be,

Who should not dream the dastard dream of gain
Through weaklings wronged, nor of the empty praise
That babbling words may win, but choose the pain
Of long, laborious days,

And in that toil-pain finding power and joy,
Pursue it, leaving hope of meed with One
Who mints His finest gold with due alloy,
And sees its service done.

O liberal student of the eld and new,
Bred of your spirit other men shall rise,
Serene and wise and brave, and look on you
With unforgetful eyes.

So rest in peace, or, if it chance that Death
Discover wider reaches, ampler rede,
May your strong soul, while it adventureth,
Remember still our need !

—*Reproduced From Macon Telegraph.*

Wesleyan From the Standpoint of a Freshman

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE,
MACON, GA., Sept. 16, 1905.

DEAR MAMMA:—

I promised to write right away and tell you all about the place. It is the funniest place I ever saw. When I got here, a whole lot of men came up and took my suit case, but I had to carry my hand-box and my canary bird cage and my guitar case and my umbrella. The men had on white pieces of ribbon with Wesleyan written on them; one was real tall and thin, and one was just as big and short, and another was little and slim too, and one didn't have any hair hardly, and when I asked him if this was Macon, he said "Exactly so." I thought the biggest one must be the president, so I acted polite and called him "Mr. President," but he ain't—he's just a teacher. The college is the biggest house I ever saw, and has an elevator in it, so you don't have to walk upstairs. In the rooms they have fireplaces but they ain't real, they're just for ornament, they keep the fire in some pipes in the corner, to keep us from catching fire, I reckon. They've got the queerest flower yard in the back I ever saw, only there ain't many flowers—it is mostly grown up in grass, and they're mighty particular with the grass, they don't want you to walk on it a bit, and they've got signs all around "keep off the grass." At dinner, we have the funniest soup, sometimes it is red, and sometimes it is white. There's the queerest church here, only they don't call it a church, they call it the Susannah Wesley Memorial Chapel, but I don't know what that means. It's got a pulpit in it, but it's got a curtain and scenery, like a theatre. The benches aren't benches at all, but chairs with arms to them; the fat professor sits on the stage with the preacher, because he can't get in between the arms of the chairs I suppose.

You have to sit right still until the girl in front of you sits down, because if you don't your toes will get mashed by the bottom of her chair.

On Sundays you have to go to church in a real church down town, and you have to go in a procession, and all the folks run out to look at you, like you were a circus. We don't have our washing done by a nigger, but a whole lots of niggers stand around and poke your clothes in a mill, and the wheels churn them up, and they're washed. There's one thing called the mangle, and it's done mangled two of my shirtwaists from the collar to the belt. What must I do about it?

And now I'll tell you about the folks, there are hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of girls here, and they walk about the halls with

their arms about each other, and holler "hello, Fresher," whenever they see me. Some of them are awfully old, and wear long dresses and their hair done up. They walk around with their noses way up in the air, and don't look at you. Their name is Seniors, and the whole family is here, leastways there are thirty-three, though I reckon some of them are cousins. They must be kin to the president, for they act so biggety, and can go down town by themselves. When you want to go down town, you have to ask a lady in a black dress, and sign your name in a green book, and then you are scared to death all the time you are gone, because the book may be gone when you get back, and then you'll be restricted. I don't know exactly what that is, but it is something awful, like measles and whooping cough, I reckon, for I know you are quarantined and cannot go down town any more for a month. The last gas bell is ringing, and I'll have to stop or they'll restrict you again. Besides my paper is all gone. Write soon to your loving daughter,

ANNA.

P. S.—Send me some fried chicken and some cake.

The Spectator

PAPER NUMBER FOUR.

ONLY CLASS DAY.

Help—Murder! Run and maybe you'll get there in time to be of assistance. Where are those screeches coming from? I can trace them at last, they come from the college on the hill. Is a wholesale murder taking place? I run up the steps of the new Susannah Wesley Memorial Chapel breathlessly, to find, not a murdered student body, but simply that the young ladies are celebrating *Class Day*! Those screeches are not the dying screams of the murdered, but the class yells. Weak from the shock and surprise I sit meekly in a corner to watch the proceedings, for as "Spectator" nothing escapes my eye.

I see a young lady, whose dignified air does not need the cap and gown to proclaim that she was a Senior, pass by a young lady whose Junior place was shown by the white and gold '07 on her sleeve, and two such uppish noses were never seen, they were truly "the most uppish noses in the world," and speak—never. Why they were both looking so hard the other way that they didn't know the other was around. Upon inquiring

I find that this is simply a class day custom, quite the natural thing and didn't worry anybody else. Why, who ever heard of different class men—especially Juniors and Sophomores—speaking to each other on *Class Day* even if they were room mates and dearest friends!

Suddenly in the rear, I heard excited whispers, "Mean things, they've stolen our song, but I don't care, we'll steal their yell. Yes, she sneaked up and played the spy and then told our plans, hateful piece. I think it's too mean for anything to listen to plans.—Oh, Kate, those Sophs are upstairs now, slip up there and see what they're doing. Don't let them see you though." Being conscious of the warlike atmosphere and feeling sure that the spy would be hanged, I rushed to the president to ask him to intercede and save the life of the luckless pupil, but he only smiled wearily and said, "Let the girls have their fun, they're celebrating *Class Day*." Oh law, that was not my idea of fun, when I was a child, but times have changed! As I left the office, my mind torn with conflicting emotions, for surely the president didn't realize the gravity of the case, I saw a knot of struggling girls with a lone and wildly gesticulating man in their midst. I decided of course that the young ladies were all bidding for his hand at once, and the poor man didn't know whom to take since he couldn't be a Morman. I rushed up to see if I could not share the honors with him. I asked the first frantic maiden if I could not be of assistance, and with agonized gaze she turned and said, "Yes, if you would; please put our lights above the Senior lights. I'd rather die than march under their old red lights." But when I consented I found that I was in danger of being mobbed by the other crowd of girls, and put in practice a proverb I had learned at my mother's knee—"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." I retreated.

From the basement came the strains of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." My heart began to beat more rapidly, and filled with patriotic sentiments, I went down to swell the chorus with my bass, only to find that they were singing "The Sophomores, the Gem of Old Wesleyan." Determined to get "far from the maddening crowd," I took a short cut through a dark passage in the basement; suddenly in a gloomy corner I saw a spectral shape; with my heart in my throat, and my face snow white for once, I began to tiptoe by. When I came near, I found that it was only a dummy. In my relief and anger, I started to knock the thing down, but a chorus of girls shrieked out, "don't touch it, that is the Junior class with a cabbage head on." "Yes," I replied, "you are all cabbage heads to-day; I hope you will settle down tomorrow." So I departed with the cries of "*Class Day* comes but once a year" ringing in my ears.

When I reached the edge of the campus, I looked back and thought sadly, "Where are the good old class days I used to know: that dignified body of Seniors, the gay underclassmen in white; dresses vieing with one another in doing honor to the Seniors on their class day, those ivy chains, those fresh flowers, and fresher flower-like faces of the happy-hearted girls; no yells, but sweet music. The ceremonies were beautiful in their simplicity." Here I was interrupted by a sweet girl, who asked me if I were going to attend Class Day. I said, "No indeed." She looked surprised, and handed me a programme. At that moment I awakened. It was all a horrid nightmare—the beautiful college on the hill celebrates Class Day in the good old style and hasn't adopted any of the things that frightened me so in my dreams, and the student body—God bless them—are the best behaved in Christendom.

ANNABEL HORN AND AGNES CHAPMAN.

Why They Came to Wesleyan

Marilu Beckham—To have company in the reception room every Saturday night.

Argent Bethea—To fight the battles of *The Wesleyan*.

Janie Bradley—To play "Home, Sweet Home" on her mandolin during Silent Hour Sunday afternoon.

Nellie Bryan—To wear buttons.

Annie Jean Culbreath—To get all that's coming to her in the Literature line.

Agnes Chapman—To sketch for the Annual.

Estelle Darden—To have pictures taken.

Louie Fenn—To be a living example of "silence is golden."

Nona Hendry—To be near "Aunt Coah."

Eliza Hill—To write poetry.

Elizabeth Hollis—To learn the art of blushing.

Annabel Horn—To tear her hair over *The Wesleyan*.

Mozelle King—To learn to be an actress.

Nannie C. Kitchings—To entertain the Physiology Class.

Martha Lewis—To economize.

Annie Laurie Mallary—To carry on flirtations.

Louese Monning—To uphold the dignity of the Senior Class.

Dollie McLendon—To develop her genius in seclusion.

Lou McRae—To restrain enthusiasm.

- Maie Dell Roberts—To get her picture in the annual.
 Mattie Hay Robertson—To lead the class yells.
 Claudia Ross—To bring news from Mercer.
 Jennie Riley—To get out of work.
 Leila Schley—To attend the gymnasium.
 Laur Smith—To waste time
 Myra Stubbs—To be spokesman for the Senior Class in interviewing the Faculty.
 Bertie Taylor—To be a musician.
 Berta Thomas—To write a beautiful hand.
 Louise Thomas—To supply the Botany class with flowers.
 Bessie White—To lead the Y. W. C. A.
 Tommie White—To set a standard of neatness.
 Daisy Wilcox—To improvise songs in emergencies.
 Octavia Burden—To be president of the class. '06.

New Parnassus

What be those gowned forms high over the sacred fountain?
Seniors, whom mighty muses have raised to the heights of the mountain.
 And truly in spite of *their* marks? Oh, Goddess, help me up thither!
 Teachers may shiver the laurels of Juniors, but *theirs* will not wither.
 Hard is the Latin, but you, you will help me to overcome it,
 And stand with a "ten" in my note book, *or* roll my voice from the summit,
 Sounding forever and ever thro' Wesleyan halls "Thunderation"
 All mixt with the great Soph-music of flunks and of aggravation.

What be those two shapes high over the sacred fountain,
 Taller than all the *Seniors*, and huger than all the mountain?
 On that well-known stage they stand, ever spreading and heightening.
 Hold, those evergreen laurels are blasted by more than lightning.
 Look, in their deep double shadow the gowned ones all disappearing!
 Weep in your grief and be mournful, nor hope for another hearing!
 "Weeping forever and ever, pass on"—the sight confuses—
 These are Astronomy and Geology, terrible Muses.

If their lives were touched with fame from off a single diploma,
 Tho' their records here be faulty, would the *Seniors* greatly care.
 Other work in other places! the *rest* to come is a misnomer—
 Never will the worry vanish—labor here is labor there. '06.

Editors' Legacy

We, the undersigned, do hereby will and bequeath to our successors:—

CLAUSE I.—All material left over from the Editorial table, including

- (a) All empty ink bottles.
- (b) All scratchy pens.
- (c) All remnants of United States mail tablets for use in copying.

CLAUSE II.—All trials and tribulations which do fall to the lot of editors:—

- (a) Disappointment in the forthcoming of manuscripts,
- (b) The failure of the departments to have the work on time,
- (c) All difficulties in obtaining "ads."
- (d) All the ill-feeling which falls to the Local Editor caused by "would-be" jokes,
- (e) All adverse criticism from Exchanges,
- (f) All the "rush" of getting the work off on the fifteenth.

CLAUSE III.—The good will and best wishes of the editors, with the hope that the work in the future may be lighter than it has been in the past.

To the above we hereby affix our hand and seal.

THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE WESLEYAN.

Popularity.

BY ANNABEL HORN, WESLEYAN COLLEGE, MACON, GA.

THE word popularity seems to have some magic woven in with the letters that compose its name, and yet there are so many different phases of this one word.

Every girl, in her heart of hearts, desires to be popular and leaves no stone unturned to achieve it, often without stopping to find out what popularity really means.

At school I have noticed the girl who was called the most popular. Her father was wealthy, and she showered gifts and good things to eat upon all the girls. And yet, I'm sure, if she had not possessed money, she would have kept very few friends by her own personal qualities, for though she

was generous, she had few lovable qualities and did very little for other people that money could not purchase. I call this "fair weather" popularity, for I'm sure it would vanish at the approach of adversity or poverty.

I know another girl who is very popular on account of her talents. When an important paper is to be written, a delegate sent off to conventions, any little favor asked, this girl is always the one selected. "Mary is so popular, don't you know, and will be sure to take with every one."

Yes, but she was so busy writing essays that she couldn't help her little brother with a hard lesson; so busy getting ready for a convention that she couldn't help mother with the housekeeping; so busy with the reception committee that she couldn't help father with the accounts. She was "popular" with the outside world, but I'd rather have a little popularity at home, wouldn't you?

Now, let me tell you of another kind of popularity. I never heard Susie Cameron called "popular" by the boys, I never saw her name in print as being the favorite at the various entertainments, or holding a prominent place in the list of attractions offered by the clubs, etc., and yet I believe she had found the true popularity, for every old lady in town had something nice to say about "the dear child," she was so popular with her little brothers and sisters that her baby brother "got into a terrible fight" at school about her merits, she was popular among the poor people because she did not sneer at poor clothes, nor seem conscious of her own higher station, and she was popular among her class mates because she did so many little, kind acts.

Girls, unselfishness is the keynote of true popularity. You must put away all thought of self, keep your eyes open for little opportunities, and cease to seek for praise.

If you really and truly desire popularity, you must willingly sacrifice many things. The road to popularity will be long and rough, but you can find many roses along the way. You must learn to step aside and let others have the choice. A girl who strives to always get the best and highest office is never really popular; she has left too many disappointed girls in her wake, who also coveted the rich prizes. She may seem to be popular, but as she sits in the "fierce light of the throne," whispers are circulated, and she will some day be hurled from her station, to make way for the next popular favorite.

You must learn to do kind things in a gracious manner; you must remember that there are others in the world, and that you are far too insignificant among earth's millions for God to single you alone out, as the one most worthy of honor.

If you would be popular, you must speak only good things about people. A gossip is never popular. You must keep your life absolutely blameless, for popularity will bring you into prominence, and all your defects will be magnified. You must never be conspicuous in any way, for this will invite criticism.

You must always be ready to extend a helping hand to everyone, for this is the price of popularity.

You must put aside false pride, for a single snub may bring your castle of popularity tumbling about your ears.

You must study and obey the Golden Rule, for it is the watchword of true popularity.

Above all, you must understand hearts, must be able to reach down into lives, and bring out the best in everyone with whom you come in contact. You must have a good opinion of others, and let them understand it.

You must have sunshine in your own life, and bring it into every other life; you must bear your own burden silently, and try to take the load from other burdened shoulders.

You must have the tender gift of sympathy, the quality that understands without questioning, the love that can heal wounds, deeper because they are hidden from the outside world. You must have a pleasant word for everyone, and never forget to deliver it. You must do all you can to bring pleasure into the lives of those around you.

All this sounds hard, but it isn't really; cultivate true unselfishness and the rest will follow.

Strive after popularity, but remember that you must pay the price. You cannot buy pure gold for a few cents; you may buy something that looks like gold, but soon it will wear through, and the green spots will prove it to be brass. So you may win the false popularity without much labor on your part, but it will not last, soon the spots will appear, and will be worthless brass instead of the pure gold. May every girl among you pay the price and receive the true popularity. If you would be popular among young men, you must be popular with your brothers first, you must be a model of prudence and sweetness, you must be attractive in manners as well as in person, you must represent the finest of God's creations, ennobling womanhood. You must claim the very highest standard and live up to it.

Even though the world may not fall down and worship at your feet, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have builded a worthy structure, made your own life beautiful, given pleasure to many people, and achieved something better than common popularity.

Editorial Department

LOUESE MONNING.....	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
LAURA SMITH.....	ASSISTANT EDITOR
ANNABEL HORN.....	} LITERARY EDITORS
AGNES CHAPMAN.....	
ELIZABETH MOSELEY.....	} BUSINESS MANAGERS
MATTIE WILLIAMS.....	
ARGENT BETHEA.....	EXCHANGE EDITOR
MAIE DELL ROBERTS.....	ATHLETIC EDITOR
DAISY WILCOX.....	BOOK CRITIC
NANNALINE KING.....	ART EDITOR
RUTH HOPKINS.....	Y. W. C. A. EDITOR
MYRA STUBBS, '06.....	} LOCAL EDITORS
BLANCHE CHAPMAN, '07..	
EDITH MARTIN, '08.....	
VIRGINIA BROWN, '09.....	

Why is it that our girls do not stay to Commencement? Many colleges require their students to remain until the close of the year;—but will this be necessary in the case of Wesleyan?

In the college year, Commencement is the time of all others; it is a time full of life and full of movement. During this last week the trustees, the friends, and the patrons of the institution come to promote its interests and to pay their respects to the dear old College. Every student cannot fail to see that it is impossible for Wesleyan to make a representative showing when one-half of its students forsake their post of duty. Interest in the welfare of the College should within itself be sufficient to insure every girl's being here until the first of June. During this last week Wesleyan offers many attractions. The privilege of hearing eminent speakers, whom Wesleyan students will perhaps never again have the opportunity to hear, will be theirs. Then, too, privileges are granted to underclassmen, and many restrictions are laid aside.

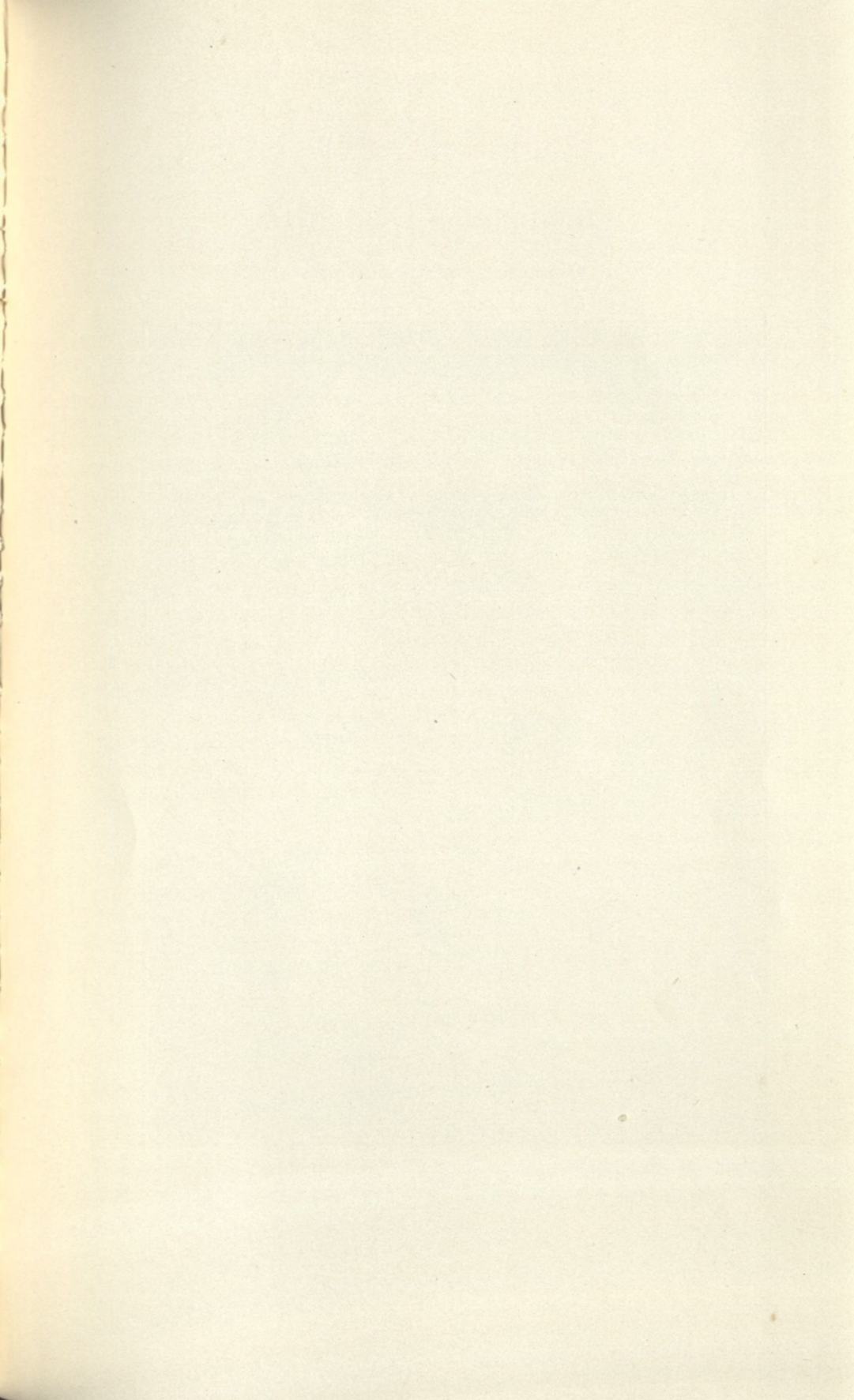
There can be no reason on the part of the student for leaving the college before Commencement, except it be an impatient desire simply to be at home. Granted this desire in itself is a very worthy one—if the impatience is curbed. If this is done, then the student is unfettered, and is able to take advantage of the freedom and opportunities during the pleasantest season of the college year, thus elevating herself and benefiting the college.

Those who are interested in promoting the welfare of Wesleyan are constantly investigating ways and means of broadening its influence.

Closer intercourse with other colleges is one of the most effective ways toward obtaining this desired end. In colleges where athletics play an important part, inter-collegiate contest games furnish the means of bringing the students into contest with each other, and also of arousing public interest. In a woman's college athletics are too circumscribed to be of much service, but by its publications a college can assist mightily in pushing forward the movement of closer intercollegiate intercourse. A spirit of generous rivalry is not only not out of place, but is often the effective means of arousing an incentive toward greater things. What we need at Wesleyan is not so much *class* spirit as *college* spirit. By making our college monthly stronger and more attractive; by putting forth our best effort on our Annuals; by encouraging broader intercourse with other colleges, we can strive to promote the highest good of Wesleyan in particular, and college spirit in general.

In this, the last issue of the year, THE WESLEYAN wishes to thank its subscribers, advertisers and contributors for their support, which has made the publication possible. The present editors only hope that their successors will meet with the hearty coöperation and with the same encouragement that has characterized the supporters of the present year's issue.

Only a few short weeks and thirty-three happy girls will separate. Soon our college life will have been left behind and we shall have entered upon life's arena. It is with reluctance that we yield our places to '07, and yet it is with a consciousness that some little achievement has been attained. To the Seniors of next year '06 extends its heartiest good wishes, hoping that they may derive as much benefit and as much pleasure in their Senior year as has the present Class of '06.





BASKET-BALL TEAM '09.

Athletic Department

MAIE DELL ROBERTS, EDITOR.

In this issue of THE WESLEYAN the pictures of the Special and Freshman basket-ball teams are to be found. These two teams have done unusually good work this year and are to be congratulated on the great amount of enthusiasm which they have been among the foremost in arousing for athletics at Wesleyan.

For the past month the Wesleyan girls have been taking more interest in the athletic sports of other colleges than in those of her own. The Mercer baseball games on Saturday afternoons have been drawing the greater number of girls from Wesleyan campus to Central City Park. We are glad to note that the Mercer team is improving wonderfully and that there is still some hope for the pennant.

The Athletic Editor has had much trouble in procuring material for this department this year, and she sincerely hopes that her successors will be more fortunate. As a whole, little or no interest has been taken in athletics by the girls. What can the editor do, if the girls do nothing? She is expected to hold down her department, and how can she do this without the aid of the girls? It is with regret that the editor writes this. She hoped to chronicle the year 1906 as the most progressive year old Wesleyan has ever had in athletics; but since this is impossible, she hopes that the next year will find her unequaled in this line.

Book Review

DAISY WILCOX, EDITOR.

"THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES."

"*The House of a Thousand Candles*" is reputed to be one of the best selling books of the year. It is an astonishingly interesting and marvelously light production from the facile pen of Meredith Nicholson, author of "*The Main Chance*." The present writer confesses to have begun the book at 10 p. m., with the intention of reading a chapter or so—and of reading on and on into the "wee sma" hours, until the final development

was reached. The first part of the book is well planned—and "The House of a Thousand Candles" set in the midst of an Indiana forest, with underground passages, its ghosts and its hidden treasures is certainly a fascinating residence. The hero is the usual, well set up young "Gibson man" equal to any emergency, and the heroine lacks originality. The best drawn character in the book is the mysterious butler; one is at a loss to decide him to be villain or martyr.

The last few chapters of the book lack interest; but the book as a whole will prove a most delightful companion for an idle hour.

"THE SOCIAL SECRETARY."

"*The Social Secretary*," by David Graham Phillips, is perhaps one of the best modern novels on the subject, "Washington society, before and behind the political scenes."

The book deals with a family of three—Senator and Mrs. Burke and their son,—Western people, essentially middle class; but with the hope and ambition ever before them to belong to the "Smart Set" in the capital. Towards this end they secure the services of a young lady of aristocratic family, who, through adversities, is open to the engagement, to act as their secretary, and to pilot them through the mazes of a Washington season.

It is most amusing, but pathetic, too, to watch the struggles of poor, fat, easy-going Mrs. Burke to keep up with the gaities going on. However, the social secretary's efforts are entirely satisfactory and the end of the story finds the family firmly fixed in the coveted position to which they aspired. The son, of course, marries the—but read it for yourself, you are sure to enjoy it.

Art Department

NANNALINE KING, '07, EDITOR.

THE MASTER OF DESPAIR.

portray in bronze or on canvas the greater loveliness of God's handiwork. We see in it the means of showing the highest ideals of life, the means of preserving for future ages the perfected beauties of today, whether it be the lavender-tinted orchid or the peach-blow cheek of happy childhood. The poetry of the world, the hidden loveliness of Keats and Shelly and

Wordsworth becomes visible poetry in the hands of the great artist. The music of the masters can be portrayed in the stroke of a brush, the harmony and melodies of nature are frozen into the purity of marble. Religion has used Art as her handmaiden, Angelo, Raphael and Titian as her tools. In the days of the Greeks, when gods walked on earth as men, their beauty was perpetuated in bronze; later Rome became a realm of art, and then when the angels sang from the heavens a newborn king, Art was again called to the fore, and we have the deep love of the Madonna picture, the martyr faith of the apostles and the holy majesty of Christ in Raphael's canvases. The history of souls, the work of Browning's genius, becomes no longer a poetic vision, but a living reality in painting or sculpture, but we look for only the beautiful side to be given to us. Yet sometimes we have the terrible as in the paintings of Antoine Wiertz. Wiertz was called the mad-painter, and his ambition was to excel Raphael and take from him his laurels, but their models were different; Raphael painted the good, Wiertz chose the bad. Raphael gave us glimpses of heaven, Wiertz gave us awful visions of hell, yet his cry was always, "this one will excel Raphael's." Wiertz's brushes seem to have been guided by some demon of darkness or urged on by a torturing conscience; so full of horror and unbearable anguish are his pictures, which he tells us are true to life. We cannot realize that so much suffering could be in all the centuries of the world's existence as Wiertz pictures in his short life. His pictures are repulsive, yet they hold us in a spell, as if we trace some indefinable and baffling beauty in the chaos of horror. The picture, "The Revolt of Hell Against Heaven" is the delineation of his own career, battling against the beauty and goodness of the world, expressing his disappointments in the anguish of tortured souls until his canvases seem to writhe and scream with pain. All that was beautiful in his nature was crushed by defeat, as the angels in his pictures by the demons and monsters of Satan, until even hope is doomed at the cross to which the demons cling. The picture like his life is deep tragedy.

Paris was the object of his eternal hate, and the objects of France's love became the subjects of his horrible painting. Napoleon, her idol, is portrayed as burning in hell, surrounded by a multitude of lost souls cursing and fighting him, because they are doomed to everlasting darkness on his account. We have among his pictures, "After the Guillotine," "The Orphans," pictures as terror-inspiring as their names. "The Orphans" is a picture of hopelessness, the poor children shrieking and screaming, fighting for the corpse of their parent. Probably the most terrible of all is his picture of the tomb; there is not a ray of light or hope, the cheap

pine coffin is lying in the darkness, the cover lifted slightly; within we see the weird grave clothes, the hands stretched out in agony, the look of horror in the eyes, the despair on the face, and the title "Premature Burial" explains all.

The agony of his life was expressed in his pictures, death and despair are the subjects of all, they followed him through life and are shown in his voice ringing from the death-bed in the mad cry, "I am burning, burning, but give me my brushes. I can vanquish Raphael."

V. HORN, '07.

Locals

MYRA STUBBS, EDITOR.

On Friday night, May eighteenth, the Seniors will give a dramatic performance for the benefit of the Annual. Everybody come!

AT CHAPEL—BEING A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—The Senior's glance was eloquent. Four years in college walls teach eloquence of facial expression. Young ladies in chapel must "refrain from conversation" and a girl must know each other's view of everything that happens, and that instantaneously, or die from the burden of her thoughts. Therefore the Senior's glance was eloquent as she smiled at her chum across the aisle. Her chum had seen that the august professor forgot his tie this morning and she smiled back.

CHAPTER II.—The Senior, feeling that she was understood, placed her books on the seat in front of her, folded her arms and waited developments.

One's chief business at college is to study the faculty. What more propitious time for special lessons than at chapel? and how obliging in the professor to leave off his tie to make the lesson interesting!

CHAPTER II.

"Sing number 828." Oh it was too much! The man without a tie was going to lead! Slowly, one by one, the faculty rose. The organ uttered one growl and ceased. The organ pumper was asleep. The Senior's chum

was threatening a smile. "Oh for a thousand tongues to sing!" The Tall professor was singing alone. The Senior looked at her chum and grinned. The girls laid down their books in gleeful expectation. It was to be a faculty concert this morning.

CHAPTER III.

The professor with the Longest Name jumped down from his eminent position at the organ, jerked open the grand piano and sat down. The Tall professor began again, "Oh for a thousand"— The professor with the Longest Name rose majestically, arranged his coat tail, and sat down again. The Smallest professor frowned strenuously, but the Senior knew that frown covered up a smile.

CHAPTER IV.

The professor with the Longest Name came down on the first note like thunder. The Tall professor heroically tried again. This time the whole faculty nobly rallied to his aid. The first stanza was, after all, a grand success. But the Tenor was so charmed with it that he forgot to wait for the interlude and started off in a solo on the next. The Senior could have stood that if she hadn't looked at the organ pumper. He was still pumping furiously. Then, besides, her chum across the aisle winked at her. She put her hand to her mouth to keep in a laugh, but it burst through her fingers a veritable squeal. It was echoed in a chuckle by her chum and spread over the Junior class and past the Sophomores until it ended in a pronounced giggle among the Freshmen.

And this ends Part I.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

After prayer everything sat down. Bass professor walked to the front and made his usual speech: "Young ladies, this is not the place to advertise lost articles. There is a bulletin board provided for that purpose. However, I make an exception of this case. Here is a small pearl-handled pen knife found in my room." The Tall professor held up an exact facsimile. "I have one also," he said. The Bald-headed professor announced the discovery of a brown jacket; others spoke of umbrellas, of hat-pins and the like. The Tenor read: "Lost—*A Human Body*. If found please return to Room 61." The President rose and said that he had a complete assortment of all kinds of articles, which statement was regarded as final, and awarded the palm to him. And this ends Part II.

Look out for the Senior play!

As long as the Sub-Fresh. shall live and be,
 As long as the Ocmulgee flows to the sea,
 Our love and devotion as deep as the ocean
 If a Senior'll take a notion to love but me.

Tune—Tammany.

Seniors, Seniors, they're the very best you find,
 If you don't think so you're behind.

Seniors, Seniors, Seniors,
 Seniors, Seniors, Seniors,
 Seniors.

Ve vi-ve-vo, ve-vi-vo vum!

Johnny get a rat trap
 Bigger than a cat trap
 Bum, Bum!

Hannibal, Cannibal,
 Sis, Boom, Bah.

Sub-Fresh, Sub-Fresh,
 Rah, Rah, Rah!

Tired Seniors, worn-out Seniors, forgot their troubles, when, on Saturday night, the children of 1910 in white dresses and lavender ribbons took them on the most delightful trolley-ride that Senior heart could wish or girlish ingenuity could plan.

At eight o'clock the Seniors and Sub-Freshmen assembled on the front veranda and with joyful yells and happy songs waved good-bye to envious spectators watching them from above. The car was beautifully decorated in lavender and white, glorious colors that '06 has loved since her beginning and that 1910 wears proudly.

The Seniors aspired, but in vain, to rival the lusty-throated Sub-Freshmen in improvised songs. They stood in the back of the car and answered every toast with one more ingeniously worded.

Chocolate creams filled up the interludes with delicious sweetness. When the car finally stopped at ten o'clock every Senior declared she had had the "grandest time!"

The Annual has gone to press.

Tommie White: "Is this the last of the Museum lectures?"

Wanted—A "T. L." Apply to Sara Branham and Nannaline King.
Candy kind preferred.

The Senior readers have been assigned. They are as follows: Nellie Bryan, Annie Jean Culbreath, Annabel Horn, Dollie McLendon, Louese Monning, Maie Dell Roberts, Myra Stubbs.

DON'T MISS THE SENIOR PLAY!

JUNIOR LOCALS.

BLANCHE L. CHAPMAN, EDITOR.

JUNIOR PROM.

The Junior Prom. took place on the evening of May the fifth on the college campus, which was gaily decorated with bunting and myriads of bright-hued Japanese lanterns. To the strains of music, rendered by the Macon Orchestra, light-hearted couples promenaded to and fro, stopping now and then to be served with ices and cold drinks from the charming booths scattered over the grounds. The first Prom. at Wesleyan was a decided success and there is no doubt that the Class of Naughty Seven has established a delightful custom that will always be upheld by the succeeding classes.

WESLEYAN PROVERBS.

There's many a slip twixt a Fresh and a dip.

A restriction in time saves nine "cuts."

A trifling Special gathers no knowledge.

Two Jacks are better than none.

One man at the Prom. is worth two at home.

All's not ice-cream that's frozen—at Wesleyan.

Too many girls spoil a Prom.

An ounce of expulsion is worth a pound of restriction.

A Freshie and her greenness are (not) soon parted.

LOOK OUT FOR THE SENIOR PLAY!

SOPHOMORE LOCALS.

EDITH MARTIN, EDITOR.

The Sophs had a delightful car ride Saturday night, April twenty-first. After riding for an hour they stopped at Lamar's and then back to Wesleyan. They were chaperoned by Mrs. White and Prof. Bonnell.

Mrs. Burks: "Julia, what was George Eliot's real name?"

Julia Christy: "Adam Bede."

Ruby Lovejoy: "Girls, wasn't it great. Mercer beat Trinity, three to five in favor of Mercer!"

WANTED—

A leave of absence from Wesleyan—Mattie Blount.

Something to eat.—Louise Atkinson.

A serenade.—Maie Dell Roberts.

To take an advanced course in Physics.—Maybelle Jones.

"I've such a headache. I wish I could keep Nancy out of the room for an hour."

Ruby: "Call her in here to help you clean up."

DON'T MISS THE SENIOR PLAY!

Mrs. Burks (to Sophs): "Remember girls, there is always room at the top."

Miss Jones: "But don't you think it will be somewhat crowded when all of us get there?"

Mary Palmer: "Girls, do be quiet while I rememberize this poem for Mrs. Burks."

Misses Elizabeth Baldwin, Sara Branham and Jane Bardwell spent several days in Sibley with Misses Willie and Louise Erminger.

Y. W. C. A. Department.

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It would be well, among the various preparations for closing the term's work, to look over the past eight months and see, as nearly as possible, what they have meant to us in a religious sense. Has our growth toward higher things kept pace with our literary development? The answer to this question will, in a large measure, determine whether or not the year has been a success.

In this self-examination, there are two other questions which we should ask and answer faithfully. The first and perhaps the more important, involves our influence. There is scarcely a subject more often touched on than this, yet it is one which grows daily more worthy to be stressed. The fact that we exercise it involuntarily and constantly makes the responsibility one which might well lay more heavily on the consciences of all college girls. What has our influence been?

The other question is, What will this year count for in our future? If we have neglected this phase of our development, our religious growth, the purpose for which we attend school, to prepare for life, is in part thwarted.

A Mission Study Conference will be held here on Seney's Day, May twelfth. Delegates from a number of colleges will attend. One day will be the length of the conference, and the Y. W. C. A. will furnish entertainment.

On one of the missionary evenings, Miss Unice Whitehead led the service. Her talk on Being Ready, under all circumstances, to do the Master's will, was one that deeply impressed those who heard it.

Exchange Department

ARGENT BETHEA, EDITOR.

During the first part of the year we really began to think that the staff of the *Georgia Tech* had decided to use their journal merely as a medium for football reports, but for the past few months there has been a decided change in the material, and energy has been bent in the literary direction. There are frequently good sketches in this paper, and these add very much to its general appearance. The issue for April is good; we would not dare to attempt a criticism on "The Induction Motor"—"Love and Song" is more in our line. This has some of the essentials of an excellent story, and it is told in an entertaining manner. It is almost needless to say that the Athletic Notes are well written, and the Locals are readable.

The *Segastoon* for March comes to us with a number of interesting short stories; but it is deficient in poems, as it contains only one, and this a very brief one. The first article, an appreciation of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," is fair. The story of a selfish boy's dissipation and late repentance, and his final realization of his sister's love, "Aftermath," is very good; but "The Hant That Walked Sky Ally" is easily the best thing in this number, though the plot is almost too impossible and over-drawn. "The Pyncheon Garden, or Hawthorne as an Objective Painter," is the only essay, and is excellent. It is beautifully written and is instructive as well as entertaining. "Miss Lou Jetta's Rest" is a clean sketch on the trials of the matron. The first part of "An Auto-Wedding Journey" is splendid, but interest is not sustained, and the author goes too much into detail. "Bits of Local Color" take up too much space not to be any better than they are, and recently the "case" question has been given too much attention by several other college papers. The editorial, "Our Open Door," is free from all heaviness, and the subject is presented in a delightful way.

The editor feels prompted to acknowledge the criticism given THE WESLEYAN in the *Emory Phoenix* for March. We are extremely surprised that our remarks were taken in an unfriendly way—we are under the impression that it is the duty of our magazine to try to point out the defects of others as well as give praise when due. It is singular that no other journal has become sarcastic when an attempt was made to show where an improvement was possible, but we are delighted to know that the *Phoenix* seems so anxious for our favorable opinion. It is theirs. The Editor has never been the recipient of verses before and the honor is most deeply felt and appreciated.

All the departments in the *Mercerian* for March are well gotten up and it is very fortunate in having such an article as "The Aluminum Age" with which to open. Besides being excellently written, it is on a subject which has not become hackneyed and it is instructive as well as interesting. Would that more articles on this order, and less worthless fiction would appear in college journals. "A Mountain Love Story" has some good features about it, but the plot is far from new, and the diction and style are not pure enough to render it out of the ordinary. The very name of "The Invisible Empire of the South" attracts one's attention immediately and it proves well worth the reading. "A Night at Brother Jacobs'" certainly can not be said to be constructed on a trite plot, and it does not especially impress one,—the descriptive portions are by far the best. In the Editorial Department several current topics are taken up and discussed in a clear, concise manner. The Locals are, as a whole, clever, and some of them savor of genuine wit. The *Mercerian* is one of the best exchanges and is a strong magazine in every respect.

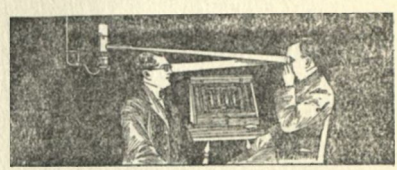
With the issue for April the *College of Charleston Magazine* makes its first appearance with us. "Jim Riley," the first story, is very interesting, and the descriptions are unusually good, especially the one with which the article opens, the description of an old mountain road. "Iago and Richard Compared" is ably written and the author evidently has studied and has a thorough grasp of his subject. There is no one redeeming feature about "The Aged Lion in His Lair," and yet it is a fair story. The author of "The Storm" should not for a moment hesitate to place his signature under that article, for it is splendid, and is by far one of the best pieces of description that it has been our good fortune to read in any of the month's exchanges. The other departments are not up to the standard of the Literary department, and there is a sad need of several good poems in this number.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: *The Tulanian, Wofford College Journal, Lucy Cobb Magazine, Georgian, Carolinian, Blue and Bronze, Crimson, Gallowegian, Seminary Budget, Ishkoodah, Blue and Gold, Donnybrook Fair, Sparks Collegiate Institute Messenger, Andrew College Journal, Monroe College Monthly, Brenau Journal, Aurora, Tulane Weekly, Crimson-White, Orange and Blue, Clemson College Chronicle, Whitworth Clonian, Furman Echo, L. G. I. Echoes, Crimson and White, Park School Gazette.*

no index

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